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—THE—

14TH C. V.

AT

GETTYSBURG

1863-84.

Photographed by Tipton, Gettysburg, Pa.

14TH C V. MONUMENT, GETTYSBURG, PA.

CENTRE OF LONGSTREET'S ASSAULT, JULY 3d, 1863.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE

DEDICATION

OF

Monument of the 14th Conn. Vols.

AT

Gettysburg, Penn., July 3d, 1884,

BY

COMRADE H. S. STEVENS;

WITH

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT, &C.

ALSO, AN ACCOUNT OF THE

Trip of the 14th C. V. to Gettysburg, July 1-3, '84,

BY COMRADE J. W. KNOWLTON,

Rec. Sec. of Regtl. Reunion.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.:
PELTON & KING, STEAM PRINTERS AND BOOKBINDERS.
1884.

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ADDRESS.*

My Comrades:

This is an hour of rarest satisfaction to you. You are where for months you have been longing to be, whither for years your thoughts have been tending—back on the spot where once you confronted the Rebellion's mightiest wave, and gazing over the fields where you passed to and fro in deadly peril, achieving for your regiment imperishable honor; and where you saw the tide of battle fluctuating during the most eventful engagements known in our country's history.

We are not now to dwell upon the history of the battle of Gettysburg or to estimate its effect upon either the effort of rebellion or our country's subsequent interests. He is foolish who shall attempt to do these in one address, and at this late day. Volumes have been written upon the battle and people have all at hand for examination; and the estimate universally put upon its effect leaves unnecessary any moralizing of ours now.

Our purpose is to recall your part in the great struggle here; your experience during the eventful campaign; something of the history of our grand old regiment whose record we are proud and jealous of; and to dedicate upon the spot where your valor and patriotism helped the country you had sworn to defend, even to the surrender of your lives, a pillar of remembrance that shall speak of you to your children and your countrymen when you have long been turned to dust. That our regiment is royally worthy of such honoring as we give it in our Memorial and our words to-day we heartily believe.

Facts and figures speak with a force incontrovertible. Here is one fact. The 14th Conn. lost, in proportion to its numbers and the length of its service, more men and endured more of the hardships of war than any other one of the several very noble and hard-fought

* Delivered at the anniversary of the hour of Longstreet's charge.

regiments that went forth from our State to aid in suppressing the Rebellion. Here are some figures. We have taken, for comparison, statistics from authentic Reports concerning four of the Connecticut regiments in which losses were the greatest. In one of these the losses from killed in battle were $5\frac{1}{5}$ per cent of its whole number; in another $6\frac{2}{3}$ per ct.; in another $8\frac{1}{5}$ per ct., and in our regiment $11\frac{2}{5}$ per ct. The losses in killed and died in the service of these same regiments were, for the first mentioned $12\frac{3}{5}$ per ct.; for the second $14\frac{9}{10}$ per ct.; for the third 15 per ct.; and for our own $21\frac{1}{5}$ per ct. You perceive that the one approaching us nearest in losses shows for killed $8\frac{1}{5}$ per ct. against $11\frac{2}{5}$ in our regiment, and for full death losses 15 per ct. against $21\frac{1}{5}$ per ct. in ours.

Once our men thought the fate of the hardly used, ever serving and suffering 14th a cause for lamenting, but since the war they have regarded it as the ground of their title to the peculiar honor the soldier craves.

But these figures, taken as we have taken them, do not show for us, or for any other regiment, the true proportion of losses among the faithful, fighting portion of the regiment. In every regiment there were skulkers and deserters. These men did not share hardships and dangers with their comrades; were not where casualties occurred; and their number ought to be deducted when making an estimate. Our regiment counts a list of 469 deserters, only 92 of whom, about 9 per cent, were from our original number of 1,015 men. Our record shows that our regiment received 697 recruits.

Our ranks were so depleted during the first year of service that the first fruits of the Draft in Connecticut were sent to us. The greater number were "bounty-jumpers" from New York, who rushed up to New Haven and sold themselves as substitutes, with the deliberate purpose of deserting at the first opportunity. And they *prepared* opportunities, so that of the first lot started for our camp a very large proportion never got beyond New York on their way to the front. Of the 697 recruits charged to our regiment, 377,[1] or 54 per cent, deserted, making over 80 per cent of the whole number of deserters.

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[1] Comparatively few of the drafted men personally entered the service. From the above figures a suggestive question is started as to how much the country received of aid in suppressing the rebellion from other drafted men through their high-priced substitutes. It took a large force of good men from duty in the field to escort these to the front, and then but few of them could be kept there. Verily, the volunteer enlisted men and the good troops of the regular army saved the nation!

Deducting, then, the number who fled when they ought to have stopped with you to share your perils and hardships, and proportioning the losses among those who faithfully continued and bore their part, our *death* rate reaches nearly 30 per cent. These figures are eloquent. Let the men of the 14th lay them up.

We cannot estimate our casualties of wounding. The regiment was in several *great* battles. In each one MANY fell wounded, some of them disabled for life. Many received wounds in each of several engagements; and in numerous instances individuals received two or more wounds in the same engagement. So that we put it as we have it on our tablet: "Wounded and disabled many hundreds."

Now, Comrades, shall we indulge in a bit of our history—your history? You well remember that bright August day when you broke camp at Hartford, and with no slight emotion felt that your true soldier life, with its unforeseen, eventful experiences, was about to open. You recall that march to the boat through the thronging crowds, among whom were many of your dearest friends, some of them in tears, cheering you on; and the pleasant sail down our noble river, where at every landing enthusiastic throngs greeted you with huzzas and artillery salutes, and shouted to you their blessings and God-speeds! What a large regiment you were, and how buoyant and joyous your spirits! Alas, for the change you should know! Fresh in your memories is the arrival at Washington: that hurrying over the "Long-Bridge" to hold Arlington Heights; the long roll call at midnight and the hasty march to Fort Ethan Allen, where you held the rifle-pits and went on picket with your faces "toward the enemy." It was a time of great excitement, for the second Bull Run battles were in progress. The old troops had been hurried to the front, and Washington and the whole country were agitated. Just as you were getting comfortable, and were hoping to stay a while and drill and learn *how* to be soldiers, on one Sabbath, that 7th of September,[1] after all arrangements had been made for a sacred service such as you had been accustomed to at home, with a choir and our

[1] On that day, Sept. 7, 1862, by an Order, the 14th, the 108th N. Y., and 130th Penn., all new regiments, were formed into a Brigade, constituting the 2d Brig. of the 3d Div. 2d Army Corps, and our commander, Col. Dwight Morris, was assigned to the command of the new organization, the command of the regiment falling to Lieut. Col. S. H. Perkins. Col. Morris commanded the Brigade in person until winter, when serious ill health compelled him to leave the camp. Subsequently, when there appeared no hope of his restoration to health, he reluctantly retired from the service.

fine band to help, you were ordered to "be ready to march at a moment's notice." At 12 M. came the order "Fall in!" and soon you were tramping over "Chain-Bridge." As you had been ordered to leave your knapsacks in your camp, you supposed you were going on a reconnoisance only. Ah, me! The knapsacks, with all their treasures of home mementoes, pictures of loved ones, clothing and articles of convenience so sorely to be needed by you, were never again to be seen by most of you; and the reconnoissance ended, when?—Two years and nine months thereafter—May 31, 1865!

That night, at 12 o'clock, you bivouacked without tents, under the open sky, a little distance beyond Tennallytown.[1] Campaigning had begun! Then on through Rockville, Clarksburg, Hyattstown and Urbana you went in pursuit of Lee, reaching Frederick on Saturday afternoon. New to marching, most of you, during that week, suffered from chafing or heat, and many "fell out" from sunstroke or exhaustion. On Sabbath morning, with scant rations and sore feet, you started to climb the hills about Middletown, and in the afternoon were hurried forward as reinforcements to those fighting on South Mountain. You escaped the battle that day, but you bivouacked at midnight on the battle-field at the foot of the mountain, and when daylight came it revealed forms lying stark and lifeless around you—the first "killed in battle" you had ever seen. How suggestive to you of your own possible fate soon were those cold, mangled forms prone upon the earth, so still, with their glassy eyes fixed upon the sky! That day you slowly worked your way through Turner's Gap, and many of you slipped aside at times to view the traces of the engagement of the preceding day, the unburied bodies of the slain, and the mortally wounded who in pain or delirium were wearing away the hours until blessed death should come to their relief.

We would like to tell you *how very hungry* the Field and Staff were, because "Uncle Samuel" was not prepared to sell us any rations and the Johnies had consumed every good thing by the way. We would like to describe the scene when, after a foraging party had brought in an immense loaf of bread, our pater-familias, seated on a great flat rock, with his famishing brood around him, broke and dispensed to us the precious morsels.

Through Boonesborough you went, then to Keedysville, where you

[1] Among the recollections of that Sabbath afternoon march are the frequent calls to a certain disappointed individual, "Say, ———, how soon shall we get to church?"

passed the night, and the next forenoon had your first sensations of being under fire, as a rebel battery, out of our sight, at frequent intervals fired three guns, one of which threw its shell over among the ten thousand lying in our valley, every time *taking a man.* The next day, the memorable 17th of September, you were early up and in line to hear firing away at right and left of you, and to be ordered forward to your own christening as real soldiers in bloody contest. You forded the Antietam with its cold waters waist deep. You rose the hill and entered the wood where the enemy's shell greeted you. You were formed in battle line with your brigade and ordered to charge over the open ground into the corn-field beyond. How spitefully the sharp-shooters fired from the Rulette[1] house at our left! But Co. B. took care of those fellows. Then across the corn-field you charged, the first and second lines of your brigade being cut up by the concealed infantry in front to fall back through your ranks. You pressed forward, receiving a withering fire, until ordered to fall back to the fence and "load and fire at will." Here you held your place, loading and firing *with a will*, until ordered away and to another position. An old friend, a General commanding New York troops on that field, said to me when I met him several years after the war: "How glad we were to see you new fellows that day! You were so green you did not know when you were whipped. You did not retreat when you ought to, but your keeping the field saved us."[2]

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[1] The house of Mr. William Rulette divided Co. B. as the company swept past capturing the sharp-shooters. Mr. Rulette rushed out of the house, hatless and excited, shouting "Give it to them! Use anything you can find on my place, only drive them! drive them!" He gave the writer his name, with the above orthography, and stated that the rebels had allowed his family to pass to our lines the day before, but kept him a prisoner, fearing he might give our forces information. When he had said these things, he pushed hurriedly for the rear. And well he might, for the "hornets were stirring" in our vicinity.

[2] Gen. McClellan, in his Report of the battle, highly complimented our Brigade on its conduct and success. This compliment was won under circumstances eminently disadvantageous, and is valuable. Three new regiments, numbering more than 2,000 men, most of them but little drilled and having had no brigade drill, as they had been compelled to make a severe march on each of the ten days they had been brigaded, had to be formed in battle line under the shelling of the enemy and at once make a difficult charge. Our Brigade Commander, Col. Morris, had no opportunity to organize his staff, but taking as his Asst. Adj. Gen. Adjutant Ellis of the 14th, and obtaining two cavalry orderlies, directed the movement. That he should have been able, under the circumstances, to form his lines and make such a successful charge, and that the men should have behaved so splendidly, is a matter of congratulation.

Did the 14th ever know when it was whipped? Our record shows that the 14th *never lost a color*, and that it furnished but few to feed that horrible monster[1] which at Andersonville, Florence, Salisbury and Belle Isle, gave such glad and acceptable aid to Jeff. Davis and Lee. But the woes of that first bloody battle day! Two of your captains and numbers of your comrades shot dead, and so many wounded! The printed Report shows a total of killed and wounded 109; and of missing 28—137. Your Chaplain holds in his hand a list made by himself on the field that day and in our Division hospital shortly afterward, which contains the names of 119 whom *he knew* to be killed or wounded. If there were 28 missing additional, our list of casualties is swelled to 147, and your Chaplain has never supposed his list to be a *complete* one. When you came out of that fight, my comrades, you were different men from what you were before. You had received a taste of what was to be your customary experience for two and three-fourths years. A stay of four days in the vicinity of the battle-field, and then a hot and weary march to Harper's Ferry, and a fording[2] of the Potomac that laid many low with fever.

A stay of a few weeks on Bolivar Heights, ostensibly to recruit and resupply, but truly, as it proved, to lose at increasing ratio your men by camp sickness,[3] and when you started down Loudon Valley at evening, October 30th, you were glad to get away and be on the move. Through Snickersville, into Snicker's Gap and back again, by Berryville Gap, through Upperville, then Rector Town, where you lay in the snow two days, the 7th and 8th of November, and then on to near Warrenton, where "Little Mac" bade us farewell. Then,

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[1] "A recent report from the Committee on Invalid Pensions states that sixty thousand of the Union troops died in Confederate prisons or immediately after being released therefrom, and adds that the total number of killed or dying of wounds during the war was but seventy-eight thousand; that nearly as many deaths were caused by Confederate starvation as by bullets. The number of enlisted men who were killed or died of wounds in the service was one to twenty-eight, while the number of enlisted men who died while in prison was one in five."

[2] Will the band forget their attempt to play "Jordan is a hard road to travel," and their verification of the sentiment when their feet touched the slippery stones of the river bed, and men and instruments "went a-fishing"?

[3] The bad quality of the water used for drinking, with other causes, induced a great amount of sickness, many cases being fatal. The shell-riddled houses on the plateau were utilized for hospitals, and when the regiment marched away, Asst. Surgeon F. A. Dudley was left in charge of the many sick who could not go with us.

Nov. 15th, passing through Warrenton's principal thoroughfare, our band giving the people our favorite "John Brown" as only the 14th band knew how to render it, you moved by way of Warrenton Junction towards Fredericksburg, strong in the hope that our army would soon attack Lee and we be on our way to Richmond. But no; the battle was not to come off then, nor was the 14th to *rest*. Your fate was to be detached, with the brigade, to go to Belle Plain to perform the *soldierly* task of unloading barges freighted with food supplies for men and beasts of the army. Can you forget that nightmare like Belle Plain, with its tedious march, its first night of sleeping in corn furrows, and its first morn of awaking in pools of water which gave to many their death or discharge warrant?

Back again to Falmouth on the 6th of December, with the road all slush or mud and the air cold, to crouch down on the snow at night under the low evergreens, which would not permit the smoke from the slow-burning green wood to rise above your heads when you sat. Little sleep or warmth or comfort you had that night, my comrades. Yet this was only your "A. B. C.!" Before you could get the ground well cleared and your huts begun, came the order, on the night of the 10th of December, to be "ready to move at 6 A. M. to-morrow;" and at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 11th, while the light to show you the way was lacking, and the heavy booming of artillery and the volleys of musketry were sounding in your ears, you moved toward Fredericksburg. [1] On the 12th you crossed the Rappahannock into the city, and on the 13th made, with your division, that fearful charge across the plain in the rear, to be mown down and torn in pieces by missiles from cannon [2] manned by gunners who knew every foot of the ground, and by riflemen securely posted behind the stone wall and in the road at the foot of Marye's Heights. There were disabled our Field Officers, Lt. Col. Perkins and Maj. Clarke,[3] and there were wounded unto death the soldierly and excellent Gibbons, the

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[1] During the 11th the regiment awaited the completion of the pontoon bridges. At eight o'clock on the morning of the 12th we crossed, near the Lacy House, and lay that day and night along Caroline St., suffering no casualties except the slight wounding of three men by the bursting of a shell.

[2] When Longstreet, before the attack, desired Capt. Alexander to find place for one more gun, his reply was: "Why, General, you cannot rake your head with a fine-tooth comb cleaner than I can comb that plateau with the artillery already in place."

[3] These fine and very popular officers did not resume duty in the regiment again.

brave Stanley, Comes, Canfield and others.[1] Have the dreadful woundings of Fredericksburg been exceeded in any battle you have known? The horrible vision is in our eyes now! We see the plain bestrewn with broken, gashed and gory corpses!—the porches and floors of our hospital buildings, all under fire, covered with men with faces cut away, eyes blasted, and feet, arms and legs torn off by shell, and others with bodies pierced cruelly by the subtle bullet!

Back again on the evening of the 15th to the old camp near Falmouth, to spend a gloomy winter doing picket duty along the Rappahannock, and losing men constantly from physical demoralization consequent upon unusual strain and exposure, and from mental depression resulting from these and from disappointment and the New-Englander's longing for home.[2]

Because of being at the right of the army you escaped, by a few hours, orders to march during the famous Burnside "stuck in the mud" campaign. You have some satisfaction yet in recalling the complacency with which you viewed from your camp the stranded mules, pontoon trains and wagons and other debris of that campaign decorating the muddy surfaces of the hillsides around you.

You were hardening, my comrades; and when the pleasant springtime came and the order was to march to Chancellorsville, you went as to a pic-nic in that charming weather. But Chancellorsville had nothing for you except hardship and struggle, and a return with bitter disappointment after the loss of many of your best men.[3]

Then a downright pleasant camping, as it seemed to you, for you had given up all expectation of anything *easy* in your soldier life, with wholesome brigade drill under your new commander, the noble Smythe. But there was work preparing for you. The enemy was moving to get into Maryland and Pennsylvania. You were under arms early each morning, and for many days under orders to be ready to move at shortest notice; so, when the order came, at 9 P. M. on Sunday, June 14th, to strike tents, you were soon on your way northward. Your corps was the rear of the army, and it was no slight thing at that hot season to march and watch the enemy too. But the

[1] The reported number of losses is 122; a much larger proportion of those engaged than at Antietam less than three months before.

[2] The attention our new Army Commander, General Hooker, gave to improving the quality and increasing the variety of the rations, and the granting of furloughs home to men in the ranks, did much to cheer the spirits of our men and improve the *morale* of the army.

[3] Losses reported at 66;—a large proportion for the number of men engaged.

march had its compensations in the change, the clean, new fields for camping, and sometimes the brooks for bathing when the dusty day's march was done. By Stafford Court House, Acquia Creek, Dumfries, Wolf-Run Shoals and Fairfax Junction to famous Centreville, with its earth-works. Then across Bull Run, over the former battle-ground, whose ghastly reminders of the dreadful struggle there were still visible in so many places, to Gainesville, where in holding the place for strategic purposes you had needed rest from the 20th to the 25th of June. Away from Gainesville at 7 A. M. on the 25th, you passed Sudley Church and Mountain View, noted in last year's battles, which sent their sounds to your inexperienced ears as you first stepped on Virginia's soil. You shuddered as you passed under those splendid oaks at Groveton and saw lying at their feet the scattered skulls and other bones of men—men who had been brought there by their comrades, or had crawled there, to die; or passed those shallow graves whose sod had parted midway adown their length, revealing forms in blue, with their country's initials "U. S." on their belts facing the sky and speaking for their faithful, heroic loyalty. Sadly suggestive were these of your own possible fate at any hour, but, hardened as you had become as veterans, though not hardened in heart, thank God! you knew no hesitancy nor complaining. The next evening you crossed the Potomac, near Edward's Ferry, into Maryland, and the next bivouacked at the base of Sugar Loaf Mountain, so marked an object in your view the year before. The following day, June 28th, you struck at Urbana the road you marched over less than ten months previous, thus completing a *circle* which in the treading had been fraught with such eventful experience to you, and encamped near Frederick. Here allow me to introduce an extract from a letter written at this date to a friend, to indicate the emotions felt at that time in language then prompted: "When we struck the main road at Urbana this noon, we completed a *circle* begun last September (13th). As we came through the place to-day, our band playing and colors flying, men marching in column by division, I could but contrast the two hundred or so men and the torn, worn, soiled colors and their shattered staffs, with the large, new regiment that a little more than *nine* months ago trod that same road with buoyant step and with bright, whole, unsoiled flags flying. In the circle trodden we have dropped many of our bravest and best men; have fought in three of the greatest and severest battles of the war; have passed through many dark, dismal, painful experiences, and have done our country what service she has asked of us. We are smaller,

we are weaker, we are wiser, and may be sadder, but I hope we are as brave and as anxious to wipe out the Rebellion."

At Frederick you received intelligence of the replacement of Hooker[1] by Meade as Commander of the Army, and were bidden obtain rations and make preparations for a *long* march. On Monday, the 29th, you broke camp at 8 o'clock, crossed the Monocacy by the covered bridge where you crossed it the September previous, moved past Frederick, struck the Baltimore pike, crossed the Monocacy again by wading, and went forward on a day's march, the longest you had yet known.[2]

By fording the river, your feet had been rendered unfit for marching;[3] the road was hilly and rough and the day was very warm. Falling out by ones, twos and threes became the order, and when we pulled up at Union Town, late at night, there were but about thirty of the footmen of the regiment at hand. Such was your pluck, however, that nearly all the stragglers were up and in place the next morning. Here you had blessed rest for a day, and received additional refreshing of spirit from being among friends of the Union, and in a land of greenness, thrift and plenty.

At about 7 A. M. of July 1st you left Union Town, and moving northward halted near Taneytown. Here we were made aware, by the sounds of firing and by reports of men, that a battle was waging between our advance forces and the enemy. At 3 P. M. you moved forward again, and passing through Taneytown, marched towards GETTYSBURG. As you advanced your steps were quickened by the sounds of battle coming to you on the throbbing air; and groups of stragglers, skulks and shirks, relating, as usual, marvelous stories of disaster, met you. You gave them, as was their due, derision and jeers for their stories, but the sight of wounded men and prisoners

[1] The news of the change of commanders, though a surprise, did not disconcert the men of the Union Army. The next great battle was to be won by the sturdy, unconquerable courage of our *men*, and by the harmonious coöperation, for once, of officers of all grades, all having but one object—the defeating and driving from our Northern soil the invading rebel hordes. The Union troops at Gettysburg were simply *invincible!*

[2] Maj. Gen. Hancock, commanding 2d A. C., issued a "circular," in which he thanked his troops "for their great exertions" on that day (June 29th) "in achieving a march of full thirty miles." Gen. Hancock afterward stated the distance as thirty-three miles.

[3] The men were not allowed to halt to remove their shoes, either before or after wading the river. The sand and gravel entered their shoes and their feet were softened by the water. Friends can imagine the condition they were in for tramping soon after leaving the stream.

and smoke-begrimed cannon passing to the rear told you that real work had been done. You knew that work was before the old Second Corps, and not without some longing to meet the pretentious, arrogant invader on Northern soil, you pressed on and by nightfall were close to Gettysburg.

And now, comrades, we for a time drop our own words to use those of another—the words of one who so cool, so intrepid and so capable, handled you so splendidly while on the field here. Had Commander Ellis lived[1] until this day, no other but him would we have accepted as our speaker on this occasion. We, in loving loyalty to the memory of Maj. Ellis, introduce his Report of the Battle of Gettysburg, that he, though dead, may speak to us.

HEADQRS. 14TH CONN. VOLS.,
CAMP NEAR GETTYSBURG, PENN.,
July 6, 1863.

BRIG. GEN. MORSE,
Adjutant General, State of Connecticut.

SIR: I have the honor to report the following as the part taken by the 14th Regt. Conn. Vols. in the late battle at this place. We arrived on the ground on the morning of the 2d inst., after being out all night on picket some two miles back, and joined our brigade. During the forenoon we supported Woodruff's Battery Regular Artillery. We were afterwards for a short time detailed on provost duty, and in the afternoon moved farther to the left to support Arnold's 1st R. I. Battery, where we remained, with a slight change of position, throwing out pickets to the front. During the day the regiment was at times under a heavy shell fire, but met with no loss except Capt. Coit, who was seriously injured. On the morning of the 3d we advanced two companies as skirmishers, under command of Capts. Townsend and Lucas, who maintained their ground nobly until the grand attack of the afternoon, when they were driven in by the advancing lines of the enemy. During the forenoon the regiment was ordered to take and hold two buildings, a large barn and house,

[1] Brevet Brig. Gen. T. G. Ellis died at Hartford, Conn., Jan. 8, 1883. At the organization of the regiment he was appointed Adjutant. Upon the resignation of Maj. Clark, he was promoted to his place, and was Colonel of the regiment at the time of final muster out. Gen. Ellis was Chairman of our Monument Committee, and because of his fitness for the position, his hearty interest in the project, and his well-known pride in his old regiment, we hoped for great assistance from him. His sudden decease, however, deprived us entirely of his leadership and aid.

outside of our line of skirmishers, a little to the right of our position, from which the enemy were seriously annoying our troops. The barn was gallantly charged and taken by four companies under command of Capt. Moore, the remainder of the regiment making the attack upon the house, commanded by myself. The whole distance from our lines to these buildings being commanded by the enemy's sharp-shooters, we met with some loss in the attack. It was here that Lieuts. Seymour and Seward were wounded. While the regiment was within these buildings and firing from them upon the enemy, a case shot entered the upper part of the barn and exploded, killing and wounding some of our men.

Having received orders to destroy these buildings, they were fired in several places, after removing all our killed and wounded, when we retired to the picket reserve, bringing off all our wounded and arms. We were again ordered to support Arnold's Battery, and formed on its right, where we remained under the terrific shell fire of Friday afternoon, from 1 o'clock P. M. until the battery retired disabled, when I moved the regiment forward and to the left to cover the space previously occupied by the battery. About this time two rebel lines of battle, extending across the plain for more than a mile, preceded by a line of skirmishers and reinforced at two points on the right and left by a third line, were observed to emerge from the woods about one-third[1] of a mile distant, running nearly parallel to our front, and advanced steadily across the intervening plain. The spectacle was magnificent. They advanced in perfect order, the line of skirmishers firing. Our men were formed in a single line of battle along an almost continuous line of low stone wall and fence, which afforded a considerable protection from the enemy's fire. When the first line of the enemy had advanced to within about two hundred yards, our fire opened almost simultaneously along the whole line. The enemy's first line was broken and hurled back upon the second, throwing it also into confusion. Detached portions of the line rallied and for a short time maintained their ground. Being mown down by our terribly destructive fire, they commenced falling back, when a portion of this regiment charged upon them, capturing five battle flags and over forty prisoners. There afterward came into the lines of this regiment about one hundred or more of the enemy, some of whom were wounded, and gave themselves up.

* * * * * * *

[1] The distance was nearly four-fifths of a mile.

The colors captured belonged to the following regiments:—14th Tenn., 1st Tenn., 4th Va., 16th N. Carolina, and 52d N. Carolina. The colors of the 1st and 14th Tenn. bear the following inscriptions on each: "Seven Pines;" "Mechanicsville;" "Cold Harbor;" "Shepardstown;" "Fredericksburg;" "Chancellorsville;" "Ox Hill;" "Harper's Ferry;" "Sharpsburg;" "Frazier's Farm;" "Cedar Run;" "Manassas."[1] The color of the 14th Tenn. was the first taken, and was captured by Sergt. Maj. Wm. B. Hincks; that of the 52d N. C. by Corp. Christopher Flynn, Co. K., and that of the 16th N. C. by Private E. W. Bacon, Co. F.

* * * * * * *

Killed—Enlisted men, - - - - - -	10
Wounded—Commissioned Officers, - - - -	10
" Enlisted men, - - - - - -	42
Missing—Enlisted men, - - - - - -	4
Total, - - - - - - - -	66

This regiment went into action with about 160 muskets.

I am, General,
Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

THEODORE G. ELLIS,
Major Commanding 14th C. V.

Let us now bring forth some things not appearing in that report. That night, on picket near the Baltimore pike, your minds conjuring up the possibilities of the days before you, was not an unpleasant but rather restful one. You recall that sultry morning of the 2d when you were brought to yonder open field beside the Taneytown road and halted for a while. Soon afterward, about 9 o'clock, you crossed the road, advanced a little up the hollow below us, and, moving to the right, took your assigned position on yonder grassy slope; by no means then forecasting that this ridge on which you were for the first time resting was to become, and in part through yourselves, one of the most renowned places history names, or probably shall ever name. We remember the interest we took, when strolling to the summit of the ridge, in watching our sharp-shooters at their work, and the fascination there seemed in it in spite of its cruel character. We

[1] From these inscriptions it can be seen what *veterans* the 14th had confronting them. But the "Greek" had "Greek" to meet him.

remember, too, how the bravery of our new Division Commander impressed us, as we saw him riding along posting the line of skirmishers, and giving them instructions in a voice distinctly audible to all of us. This novel sight of a Division Commander in such a position, and so coolly and indifferently exposing himself to the fire of the enemy's marksmen, inspired a wonderful courage into your hearts. From this place, to which you were moved later in the day, you witnessed the advance of the 3d Corps to their new position, and their attack by Longstreet's brigades. You saw the fearful struggle along the Emmettsburg road, in the "Wheat Field," and the "Peach Orchard,"—those seething whirlpools of carnage. You heard the volleys during the mad struggle at Round Top and Devil's Den, when sagacious Warren's opportunely directed forces at Vincent's Spur saved the left. And you were yourselves the recipients of the rebel cannoniers' compliments during these conflicts. You saw portions of your own Corps sent out to reinforce the 3d, and you marked the sad return of the 125th and 126th N. Y., of your own Division. They went forth large, fine regiments; they came back remnants, their best officers slain, their ranks well-nigh wrecked. From here you heard, at evening, the charge of the "Louisiana Tigers" and the Texans and North Carolinians of Hayes' and Hoke's brigades upon the batteries on Cemetery Hill, with their wild yells and volleys; and you heard our own Carroll when he formed the lines of his splendid brigade, and, with that incomparable voice of his, ordered the charge, as they swept up and over the ridge and drove the rebels back, hurling them down the hill, a baffled, defeated, depleted force. That night, though it was quiet enough to those who remained by this wall, you of Companies A. and F. who were well to the front on the picket line, found the position by no means a pleasant one, because of the proximity of the rebel pickets and their pertinacity, and you "felt relieved" when Companies B. and D. came to relieve you. Daylight comes early to skirmishers in a field like that in the summer time, and the two latter companies had their hands full when ordered to push back the opposing line across the large field in their front. You were not "in good standing" some of the time, for to rise to full height was to attract the aim of all the rebel marksmen within range, so to creep and crawl was the compulsory fashion. One pathetic incident of the morning was the finding of Corporal Huxham by a comrade when a relieving squad came up. He was resting against the fence, apparently taking aim, but really dead; shot through the head, with his face toward the foe

and his hand upon his weapon. Alone, far from all loved ones, fulfilling his oath of loyalty, the brave, faithful spirit passed from his body by the swift leaden messenger sped by a traitor's hand. Another incident of the *early* morning must not be omitted. A wide-awake rebel gunner, desirous of disturbing the slumbers of some of us trying to get some rest on this ridge, sent a shell which struck and exploded a caisson of Arnold's Battery, close to our left. The rebels cheered and yelled all along their line for a mile or more. The spunky Arnold, by whom as an Artilleryman the 14th were ever after ready to swear, soon had the wreck cleared away, and sent an answering shot. That first shot exploded a rebel caisson, and then it was the turn of our men to cheer; and cheer they did for several minutes, from Round Top to Cemetery Hill.

About the most thrilling and brilliant episode in all your experience, and one to which you will ever refer with great and just pride, was the capture and destruction of the Bliss buildings, about ten o'clock that morning. There has been with some, we find, a question as to *who*, on the 3d of July, performed these deeds; but every man of the 14th who was here on that day is ready to take oath that upon our regiment was imposed the task and to our men belongs the honor; and we put your claim upon the monument we unveil here this day without fear of disproof.[1] That large barn, with its brick lower story, had afforded fine shelter for numerous sharp-shooters, who busied themselves with picking off our battery men, officers and skirmishers. The 12th N. J. of our brigade had been sent on the 2d to clear them out, and had performed the duty in gallant style, losing many men. Upon their withdrawal, however, the enemy had immediately re-occupied. The 108th N. Y., assisted by the 1st Del., both

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[1] Following the delivery of this Address, Col. Bachelder, historian of the Gettysburg battle and supt. of legends for memorials, and Mr. D. A. Buehler, V. P. of the Bat. F'd Mem. Association, stated publicly that the claim of the 14th Conn. to having destroyed the Bliss buildings was fully substantiated, and would now go into history as settled beyond a question.

That rebel artillerymen should have *supposed*, and so stated, that their shells produced the conflagration, is not suprising. Our surprise is that, after such a clear statement as is made by Maj. Ellis in his Report, written three days after the affair, and the affidavits furnished by our field and line officers a few years after the war, and, withal, the statement of Gen. Hays, in his Report, that he ordered the buildings burned, the claim of the regiment should for a moment have been called in question by any on our side. Men were present at our dedicatory services having then upon their persons articles which they hastily snatched up as mementoes just as they fired the house and fled.

also of our brigade, again drove them out, but when these regiments withdrew the rebels again re-occupied. During the forenoon of the 3d it became evident that the enemy must not longer be allowed to use those buildings, and the duty was devolved on the little 14th, minus its two companies on the skirmish line, to retake and "hold" the barn and house. You of those four left companies who, under command of Capt. Moore, were detailed for the work, and you of the four right companies who, under Maj. Ellis, went to their assistance, remember with what beating hearts you moved up to the right of your position a little distance (about where Div. Headqrs. were), and then started on your peril-fraught undertaking. As soon as you appeared within range you were "sighted" by all the sharp-shooters in the buildings and the skirmishers in front of you, and as you could not under such circumstances properly charge in any sort of formation, you were wisely directed to "scatter and run"[1] for the barn; but many dropped before getting there. When the left wing were in the barn, the sharp-shooters who had retired to the house kept up their fire, and when the right wing drove them out of that place, they retired only to the orchard in the rear, and still continued their harrassing fire. The enemy's skirmishers within range, increased until they outnumbered you nearly three to one, were closing in upon you; the sharp-shooters had a bead on every head, hand, or foot that appeared outside of the buildings; and the rebel artillery was dropping shells among you through the roof of the barn, and it seemed to you that you must be annihilated or captured unless another regiment came to your relief. But you had been ordered to "hold" the buildings, and hold them you must as long as any of you were left there alive. Looking toward this ridge, you saw a single horseman leaving Headquarters. Getting a little down the slope, he put spurs to his horse and bore down towards you. Erect in his saddle, with his fine horse making mighty leaps, the target of more than four score rifles and muskets, the gallant Capt. Postles of the 1st Del., then Staff Officer, came straight to you and delivered an order to set fire to the buildings and retire to your former position; then he turned and rode back in the same dashing, fearless manner, and running the same gauntlet as when he came. He reached the crest unharmed, and when there turned and, still seated in his saddle,

[1] This timely order was shouted to the men by Gen. Hays soon after they started from the ridge. The company-formation furnished the finest kind of a target for the sharp-shooters, but the "scatter"-formation disconcerted their aim.

lifted his hat and waved it in triumph. It is said that the rebels, thrilled by admiration of his daring act, cheered him upon the inspiration of the moment. When our friends notice that the distance over which you charged and he rode with the order is about two-fifths of a mile, they will be prepared to appreciate both your exploit and his. You with willing hands soon applied the torch (many blazing wisps of hay) in various places and left the buildings to the flames. Like brave men that you were, you bore all your dead and wounded with you, and though many dropped by the enemy's bullets on the return, you took them all up and brought them to your own lines.

All honor to the men of a depleted regiment who, performing so perilous an exploit, were so manly and humane withal that they would not leave *one* of their dead or injured comrades in the hands of the enemy! Who will say that soldiers have no hearts and that war brutalizes them? Who say so know nothing of that whereof they speak. Listen while we refer to one touching incident, a sequence of that charge, which none of you witnessed and of which but few of you have heard. Bright little "Jeff"[1] of Co. F. was fatally shot on the charge. He was dashing ahead well to the front, and one of his comrades heard him shouting to some who seemed to be laggard, "Come on, you cowards!" when he was struck near the shoulder by a musket shot, the ball passing down into his chest. He was borne to this ridge, a little to the rear of this position, where some of us were attending to such as could not be borne farther without receiving care. As soon as he saw us, three or four rods away, he called in a loud voice, "O, Chaplain, come here!" We hastened to him, and, dropping upon one knee at his side, took his hand. His frenzied grasp and the contortions of his countenance told the agonies of pain he felt. Dr. Dudley came at once and probed the wound, but quickly withdrew in a manner unperceived by Jeff, giving a significant glance which said, "Fatal—I leave him with you!" Wishing to draw him out, we, still holding his hand and stroking his forehead, said, "What shall we think of you, Jeff?" With a startled expression he looked up, when, seeming to comprehend the significance of the words and tone, he spoke: "Tell my mother—tell—my——" and was gone. Brave young Jeff! A few minutes ago plunging into the thickest of the fray where duty bade, a genuine hero, and now, with death's hand on him, his heart full of tenderness, "with

[1] Thomas J. Brainard, the life of his Company, so full of mirth and drollery was he.

malice toward none," he turns his thoughts toward that one whose heart is yearning most for him, and with that dearest, sacredest name borne by mortals upon his lips, passes away. From witnessing many similar scenes, do any wonder that love for the soldier is strong within our heart?

And now a lull of an hour or two, during which you, with July's broiling sun pouring its rays upon you, are trying to get some rest or food; or are penciling notes home, and wondering, soldier-like, what will be the next phase of this developing struggle. Let us repeat an an incident a comrade relates—how a group were gathered around a fire, just in the rear of your position, trying to reduce to tenderness an ancient fowl they had imprisoned (after honest capture!) in a kettle over the flames. While their hard-pushed stomachs were yearning with inexpressible longings for the poultry to relent and become eatable, they heard a gun,[1] the friendly English Whitworth, far at the enemy's left, and soon its bolt came plunging in among you. Other bolts from other guns followed quickly. Our batteries promptly replied, and soon was in progress that oft described artillery engagement, the preparatory step to the grand infantry charge in your front later. Who *can* fitly describe that awful pounding of those two hundred rapid, fierce-firing cannon? The solid earth trembled with the concussion, and the air seemed filled with hurtling, whizzing shot and bursting shell. The storm seemed sufficient to blast everything that had life on these opposing hillsides. You betook yourselves immediately to the shelter of your wall. What could you do, you *infantrymen*, but crouch and bow down behind its friendly, partial protection? The enemy was at long range, and you could not *strike back;* you could only endure and wait, and like brave men keep your places and take mangling or death, if such were to be your fate, during this merciless hammering.

Let another, one of your line officers[2], describe it to you: "The shriek of shot and bursting shell were trying to the nerves and courage, while the rapid firing of the artillery, producing one continuous roar, was deafening. The air was filled with smoke so dense that objects could not be seen at a distance of four rods. Some shells drove through the wall, causing wounds and death. The

[1] Two guns were to be fired as a signal when all was ready. When these sounded, after the Whitworth, the rebel batteries in rapid succession followed, and soon the mighty chorus was all on. The cannonading began about one o'clock and continued nearly two hours.

[2] Capt. J. C. Broatch, Co. A.

slope[1] of the ground in front turned the shell that struck there so that they passed harmlessly over our heads. The strain upon the nerves, as we lay hugging the ground while fragments of shell were dropping around us, was great, and after a while a reaction took place and we dozed, only to be awakened by the bursting of a shell near us or the crashing of our stone wall."

But what of the poor fellows of Companies B. and D., down on the skirmish line *between* the two fires, and away from their friends all this time? Let one of their number[2] tell you: "It was a terrible situation to be in, midway between the two armies. How we did hug the ground, expecting every moment to be our last! No matter who was hit, you dare not move hand or foot; to do so was almost sure death." Here John Julian of Co. D. was wounded unto death by an exploding shell that fell short.

But the cannonading ends. The sulphurous cloud lifts and reveals to you what you have been expecting to see—that long, strong line[3] of rebel infantry advancing to the attack. You have all called it magnificent. You all admired the immensity, the showiness, the steadiness, the momentum of it. But fascinating as the view of it was to you as soldiers who could admire and appreciate grand and precise military display, to watch in admiration only was not your legitimate business just at that moment. That line meant business, serious business for you. It was the true bolt of the preceding cannon thunder—lightning, mischievous, terrible, fatal as to its purpose and effort concerning you; and you, by your daring and courage, must ward it off and quench it, or woe to you and to the Union! While our artillery are playing into it, gashing the ranks in ghastly fashion, you are preparing to play your part—the most *important* part—in arresting it. The battery ordered up to replace Arnold's used-up battery[4] at your left has, by some misunderstanding of instructions, failed to come to its place and help you, so you must needs fill its place and extend your line along the front it should protect. Deliberately you take

[1] A slightly inclined, narrow ledge of ironstone ran along the whole front of the position of the 14th, a few feet from the wall. While this ledge served the regiment a "friendly turn," we fear the ricochetted shells had their revenge on the artillerymen in the rear.

[2] Sergt. Benj. Hirst, Co. D.

[3] Some estimate the number at from twenty to thirty thousand, but it is probably nearer the truth to say seventeen or eighteen thousand.

[4] Only one gun of this battery remained not disabled. This demonstrates where the weight of the rebel fire was directed—the centre of the Union line.

your places and make your preparations. Your rifles (how many of you blessed the fates that you had the "Sharpes" that day!) you rest, ready charged and cocked, upon the wall, beside which you kneel after partially rebuilding it. The contents of your cartridge boxes you cooly empty upon the ground beside you, ready for instantaneous handling. Grimly and eagerly you watch the oncoming foe, —that immense wave of human vitality, purpose, and power. Brave Aleck Hays, your Division Commander, rides along your line and cautions you not to be hasty, but to reserve your fire until the enemy shall reach the fence along the Emmettsburg road, "and then give them ——!" (Though rough of speech, he was just the man to fight under.) The attacking line approaches the skirmishers. These fall back, stubbornly resisting as they come, until the order sounds, "rally on the reserve!" when they hasten to take their places here; and all of the 14th, what war's havoc has spared, are "elbow to elbow," brothers in line, again, breathlessly awaiting their chance.

General Gibbon, Acting Corps Commander, rides past, and you hear him say: "The fate of the whole army now rests with you. Don't fire until you get the word; then fire low and sure! We must hold this line *to the last man!*" That settles it. You are men of *iron* now. Not one of you will leave this spot alive, except as a victor! The ranks in grey are nearing the fence. So still is it becoming, as the artillery fire slackens where it endangers our own men, that you hear distinctly the voice of a rebel officer as he calls, "Steady there, men? Guide centre!"[1] They reach the fence, and quick the command, "Fire!" "Fire!" "Fire!" rings along the line, and with emotion of inexpressible thrill you press the triggers and your rifles outblaze. That frontal, formidable line melts away as snowflakes that fall upon the sea. By the time the second line reaches the fence the Sharpes are all ready for them, and *they* go down.[2] But the heavy supporting columns close in upon them on either flank and remnants of the lines form anew, a still formidable force. They are

[1] We can understand the significance of the tactical orders heard as Picket's men were advancing upon us now that we know Lee's design to have been to keep his centre solid and strong, that it might strike near the centre of our corps with full weight and effectiveness.

[2] In a statement made by Longstreet a few years ago, he says: "When that line of musketry by the wall rose and delivered their fire, a perfect sheet of flame, mortal man could not withstand such a fire as that." Lee brought the heaviest of his cannonading to bear upon our centre, and it is probable that he supposed all our infantry there had been destroyed or driven from the ridge, and that his assault could have but feeble resistance. Robert was mistaken.

over the fence now, pushing this way and firing upon you as they come. Wild impulse assumes control of you, and you spring to your feet regardless of danger. Your officers shout to you enthusiastically. Your remembrance of occasions when the rebels had you at disadvantage makes ecstatic this opportunity to get even, and more than even, with them. You shout: "Now we've got 'em!" "Sock it to the rebels!" "Fredericksburg on the other leg!" "Hurrah! Never mind who is hit, give it to them!" "Lay 'em out, boys!"—and other things that we will not repeat here. And you, veterans, realizing the benefit of your previous hard training, can be excited and still load and fire automatically with the rapidity and precision of crack marksmen. The force in your front would charge directly upon your position, but your tempest of lead staggers them. Their officers rally them and urge them on, and their courageous color-bearers rush ahead of them and plant their standards, wave their hats, and cry to the men, "come on!" They essay to do it with fierce yells and imprecations, but cannot stand your pelting—your pitiless volleys break them all up. At the left of yonder angle a desperate struggle is enacting. The rebels in front of Webb's Brigade have broken over the wall, and pressing back the infantry, are among the guns.[1] One color-bearer has mounted a piece, and is triumphantly waving his flag. Your commander observes it and shouts to you, "Left oblique, fire!" At once your rifles play into the crowd, and presently they fall back. Up at the right a similar contest is waging. The enemy are charging in mass upon the batteries[2] there. The order rings out: "Right oblique, fire!" and your rifles play in that direction with like results. So have you helped your fellows. Now comes the moment for a counter charge. The Captain of Co. A. springs over the wall; his men and others quickly follow. The men in front resist a little, but see the game is up. Retreat to their own distant line is impossible. They fling down their arms, and some drop upon the ground crying excitedly, "Don't fire! don't fire! we surrender!" Down in front, on a line with yonder angle, a

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[1] Three guns had been run down to the front wall in the angle, to hold back the rebels with grape and canister. The brave Cushing, Commander, himself sorely wounded, holding together his great gaping wound with one hand, and crying, "I'll give them one more shot, Webb!" with the other hand discharged his piece, and fell dead beside it.

[2] Woodruff's Battery was run forward and turned to the left, where it swept the valley with canister. Playing upon the flank of the enemy, it made great slaughter, and the rebels made desperate efforts to capture it.

rebel battle-flag is still defiantly flying, defended only by the color-bearer. Capt. Broatch and Sergt. Maj. Hincks, and perhaps others, start for it, bent on its capture. Some of the enemy still sheltered by that wall open fire and make it hot for the approaching ones, but the flag is reached and surrendered to the Sergeant Major.[1] Prisoners[2] are gathered in like berries from the bush, and battle-flags enough to make a whole brigade happy. All the enemy not shot down or captured are in full flight, and the battery just arrived to replace Arnold's sends a few rounds after the fugitives.[3]

What a victory was that, my comrades! What an hour of glory for you! Your rifles were hot in your hands from the fifty or more rounds sped from them on their death-dealing mission; but your hearts were hotter with their exulting, overwhelming joy. Wounds, hunger, home-longings, prospective hardships and dangers were all lost sight of in that supreme hour of your victorious rejoicing. But what a *small* band you had become reduced to! In numbers scarcely equaling *one* maximum Company of those *ten* maximum Companies that entered the field ten months previously. What wonder that a sturdy prisoner, as he stepped over your wall and saw your *thin* line, inquired, "Where are your men?" And when told they were here, said, "I mean those you had here who gave us such volleys as we advanced?" When assured that all were here except the disabled, he said, with emphasis, "We could have *gone through* if we had another line of men!" Then, taking another look, he exclaimed, "My God! we could have gone through as it was if we'd known how few you were!" He added, with a regretful tone and an oath, as he

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[1] This act of Comrade Hincks was a notably brave one, for which he received the immediate congratulations of his associates in arms, and subsequently a Medal of Honor from the Government.

[2] Final count made more than two hundred prisoners and five battle-flags. Hancock says: "Our troops took about thirty or forty colors." These to a *corps*. Five to a little regiment reduced to about 100 men is a good proportion.

[3] Gen. Hancock, in his testimony, says: "The shock of the attack fell upon the 2d and 3d Divisions of the 2d Corps, assisted by a small Brigade of Vermont troops, together with the artillery of our line; these were the troops that really met the assault. No doubt there were other troops that fired a little, but these were the troops that really withstood the shock of the assault and repulsed it. The attack of the enemy was met by about six Brigades of our troops, and was finally repulsed after a terrific contest at very close quarters, in which our troops took about thirty or forty colors and some four or five thousand prisoners, with great loss to the enemy in killed and wounded. The repulse was a most signal one, and decided the battle." Good enough for our Division!

went off over the hill, "I'd like to try that over again!" Well, the 14th would have been willing. What a happy night you spent here, albeit the cries of the wounded in their agonies, 'way in your front, smote your hearts with pain! And what a glorious "Independence Day" dawned upon you here the next morning! 'Tis true you apprehended another attack, and you built anew your shattered wall, rather desirous that it should come. But your foe was too wise; he had received too bitter a lesson to be willing to renew his former attempt. You tarried here until the 5th,[1] during which day some of you were among the details to bury the dead,—those vast hecatombs slain at the altar of Mars in the interest of a wicked and cruel rebellion!—and then you left Gettysburg to return to it no more until now.

But Gettysburg has lived in your memories and conversation all the intervening years, and now you come to see[2] it once more and bid it a final good-bye. You once more look on the fields and positions that have been pictured in your memories, upon this wall that has almost a *sacred* significance to you, and the old *thrill* comes back to you; and you will carry away that thrill with you and keep it—aye, forever!

You place here where you stood, by battle's tide begirt, on Gettysburg's immortal day, your historic and symbolic Monument,—purchased largely[3] by the contributions of you who are poor, and poor because you gave your best days and best strength to save your nation from disruption. Your stone is not mortuary, but historic; not reared in honor of only those who fell here or fought *here*, but to commemorate the regiment and its history as a *whole*. Its granite substance felt the shock of the battle which you helped make a victory for the Union, and its base will hold for you through ages the position you held. Its upper base will give to passers by your Regimental designation, of which you can *never* be ashamed, and the commands you were connected with. One of its tablets will tell,

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[1] The 2d Corps moved in the afternoon of the 5th July, and at evening, as our Diary shows, "bivouacked near Two Taverns, on the Baltimore pike."

[2] Our men had not "seen" Gettysburg itself, except from the skirmish line, nor ever entered it, until the visit in 1884. The town was more than one-half mile from our position on the ridge, and was hidden from our view there.

[3] About one-fourth of the money raised for the Monument was contributed by interested friends of the Fourteenth in Middletown, New Britain, and Rockville.

in epitome, your history, with your numbers, your losses, and the great battles you fought in set forth: and the other will tell what you did *here* on this world-renowned field. Its finial is the badge of the grand old Corps with whose work and fortunes you were connected during all your army service—the symbolic trefoil, which you so delight in still. Its polished sides will flash in the sight of passers on distant roads, and here on the line denominated the "High-water mark of the Rebellion"[1] will help indicate where the highest, mightiest surge of the slave-holders' Rebellion was shattered and overcome at the stern front of the 2d Army Corps; while the legends on your shaft will show that *you*, my comrades, men of the 14th Conn., were a part of the living bulwark that broke it.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

A Monument on the Gettysburg field should be durable. We wished that ours should be massive, simple, and expressive. Its durability is vouched for in its material; its massiveness appears in its dimensions and weight; its simplicity in its lines, most of which are right lines, and its surfaces, most of which are planes; its expressiveness in its location, its every inscription, and its prominent symbolic finial.

The Monument is constructed of Gettysburg granite, quarried near the place of the Cavalry engagement at the right of the Union army. The stone is fine and dense of construction, and handsomely marked.

The base is five feet eight inches square and fifteen inches high, the sides being rock (or "rustic") dressed. On the wash is cut: "Left Centre of Regiment." The upper base is four feet square by two and one-fourth feet high. On the east side is cut in large letters: "14th Conn."—on the south side, "2d Brig."—on the north side, "3d Div."—on the west side, "2d A. C." The Die is three feet square by four feet high. On the east and west faces are tablets, each twenty-two by twenty-six inches, having regimental historic inscriptions (see page 29). The tablets are of White Bronze, manufactured in Bridgeport, Conn. Their blueish gray surfaces have a harmonious and pleasing effect in conjunction with the granite

[1] Longstreet admitted the appropriateness of the expression—that after the Confederates' repulse at this place their fortunes, which until then seemed constantly rising, steadily declined.

surfaces into which they are sunk. The cap-stone is thirteen and one-half inches high, and is surmounted by the trefoil, cut from granite. This is four inches thick, fourteen inches wide, and seventeen inches high, and has polished sides. The height of the whole is ten feet, plus one half inch. The builder was Mr. J. W. Flaharty of Gettysburg, a comrade whose heart is enlisted in such work, and who is a capable, careful, and conscientious workman.

Many memorials erected on the field are simply, or chiefly, mortuary records. It seemed to us that our stone should be a historic record; as becoming the field, which is not a cemetery but a great battle-field park; and as becoming our regiment, which saw such an *extensive* service. This battle was but one of many great engagements in which the 14th participated and lost heavily. To put our full mortuary list on this one shaft would be impossible, while to put the casualty list of this one battle on a monument to the whole career of the regiment seemed not becoming.

If there is a great deal on the tablets, it is because the 14th had a great deal to put on them. There is not one item that is not significant, one thing the regiment could wish omitted.

The Monument and the wall by which it stands are conspicuous objects from all the field front—from along the Emmettsburg road, the fields beyond, the Bliss premises, and the Confederates' position far away. From the latter position our wall (the *Fourteenth's own*), seen rising in bow-like form sharply defined against the sky, its only background, appears, with the Monument towering above it, the most prominent part of the Union position between Cemetery Hill and Round Top. Viewing it from the rebel position, we can understand why the Confederate Commander-in-Chief selected it as the point for the concentration of his heaviest artillery fire.

CARE OF THE MONUMENT.

The Monument stands on ground now owned by the Gettysburg Battle-Field Memorial Association. "This Association was formed for the purpose of holding and preserving the battle-grounds of Gettysburg, with the natural and artificial defences thereof, as they were at the time of the battle, and to perpetuate the same, with such memorial structures as might be erected thereon in commemoration of the heroic deeds and achievements of the actors thereon." The

Association was incorporated by an Act of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania. It has "power to take and to hold, by gift, grant, devise, purchase or lease, such personal property and effects and all such portions of the battle-grounds as may be necessary, or convenient, to promote the object of its incorporation." The Association "holds the land in fee simple, and is charged with the care and protection of memorials thereon." Severe penalties are enacted against any who shall "wilfully mutilate, deface, injure, or remove any monument, column, statue, memorial structure, or work of art that shall be erected or placed upon the battle-ground held, or which shall be held, by the said Association; or shall wilfully destroy or remove any fence, railing, enclosure or other work for the protection or ornament of said battle-ground or any portion thereof." These penalties are extended against such as shall in any way "wilfully injure trees or shrubbery," "remove or destroy breast-works, earth-works, *walls*, or other defences or shelter constructed by the armies or any portion of the forces engaged in the battle of Gettysburg." A standing advertisement offering a reward for the detection of any persons doing injury to memorials, &c., upon the field is kept in the local newspapers. The Association rigidly refuses to permit any of the defences to be at all altered—not a stone to be taken away from our wall. The officers of the Battle-Field Association and the people of Gettysburg are intensely interested in the object of the Association, and thoroughly enlisted in carrying out the protective provisions of the legislative enactments. The 14th may therefore rest assured that their Monument and their wall will be carefully protected, though they themselves are so far away from them.

The Battle-Field Association now holds, including Crawford's Glen now under its care, nearly three hundred acres of the old battle-field, embracing the most important positions occupied by the Union troops during the engagements of the 2d and 3d of July. An Avenue, nowhere less than sixty feet wide, "has been opened from Cemetery Hill along the line of battle as established July 2d and 3d, 1863, as far as to Little Round Top, a distance of about two miles." This Avenue is a favorite driving place, and all memorials erected along its course are brought immediately under the notice of those passing. Our wall forms the west boundary of this Avenue, along the position held by the 14th, so that our Monument stands directly upon its margin, about twelve or fifteen feet from the road,—a conspicuous object attracting the attention of all passing tourists.

The treasury of the Association is fed principally by appropriations

of State Legislatures. Let us hope that Connecticut, a State that had so many gallant sons at the battle of Gettysburg, and whose regiments are placing costly memorials on the grounds of the Association, will respond to an appeal which may yet be made, and furnish a liberal appropriation to further the patriotic and worthy objects of the Association.

INSCRIPTION ON EAST FACE OF MONUMENT, FRONTING THE TANEYTOWN ROAD.

THE 14TH CONN. VOL. INF.
Left Connecticut August 25th, 1862.
Was assigned to the Army of the Potomac Sept. 7th, 1862,
And was mustered out May 31st, 1865.
The Regiment was engaged in thirty-four great Battles and severe Skirmishes of the War,
Including Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania. Petersburg, Cold Harbor, &c.,
To Appomattox.
Loss in killed and died in the service, 366; in wounded and disabled, many hundreds,
Original Muster, 1,015—Recruits, 697.
Final Muster of original members, total present and absent, 234.
PRO PATRIA.
This Monument erected by the Survivors,
July 3, 1884.

INSCRIPTION ON WEST FACE OF MONUMENT, FRONTING THE FIELD.

THE 14TH C. V.
Reached the vicinity of Gettysburg at evening, July 1st, 1863,
And held this position July 2d, 3d and 4th.
The Regiment took part in the
Repulse of Longstreet's Grand Charge on the 3d,
Capturing in their immediate front more than 200 Prisoners
And five Battle Flags.
They also, on the 3d, captured from the enemy's Sharp-Shooters the Bliss buildings in their far front, and held them
Until ordered to burn them.
Men in Action, 160.
Killed and Wounded, 62.
Total loss, 66.

Trip of the 14th C. V. to Gettysburg,

JULY 1-3, 1884.

BY

COMRADE J. W. KNOWLTON.

At the reunion held in New London, September 16th, 1882, Chaplain Stevens offered a resolution that a committee be raised to solicit subscriptions, to receive and examine designs, for a suitable monument to be erected at Gettysburg, on some part of the position held by the Fourteenth Regiment during the battle of July 2d and 3d, 1863, to commemorate the history of the regiment, and particularly its connection with the battle of Gettysburg.

The resolution was adopted with enthusiasm. The committee was appointed, and entered upon its duty with such zeal that at the next reunion, held in New Haven, September 17th, 1883, it was voted that the report of the committee be adopted, the committee continued, and that the monument be unveiled at three o'clock in the afternoon of July 3d, 1884, the anniversary of Longstreet's historic charge, and the Fourteenth's immortal firmness and victory.

Under the authority thus conferred, sub-committees were appointed to contract for the monument, to arrange for transportation and for the care of the regiment while at Gettysburg, to prepare an order of exercises, and to collect the subscriptions which had been so freely made. By the first of May it was clear to the committee that every obstacle had been surmounted, and that there would be nothing to prevent the fulfillment of the project in every detail; and the comrades of the regiment were informed of the fact, whereupon application for tickets and allotment to quarters in Gettysburg began to come in.

On Monday, June 30th, the excursionists turned their faces toward New York City, and on Tuesday morning at seven o'clock the regimental colors were unfurled in the Pennsylvania Depot in Jersey City, and as comrade after comrade arrived he was heartily greeted and supplied with a badge, than which none more honorable ever hung upon the breast of man, an emblem of heroism. Without confusion, places were secured in three luxurious cars assigned for the use of the party, and at eight o'clock the train moved out and on over the State of New Jersey, passing cities, villages, and fertile farms without stop; along the west bank of the Delaware with unabated speed, until Broad Street Station in Philadelphia was reached and more comrades joined the throng. While the long train stood in this vast station no breath of air tempered the midday heat, and Chase's "double-canned" brought no relief.

The beauty of the country through which "the best railroad in the world" passes, is proverbial, and every feature was enjoyed to the fullest. An hour at Harrisburg for dinner, and the long bridge over the Susquehannah was crossed, and soon the Cumberland Valley opened up in all its richness, reminding every comrade that less than fifty miles away lay the Mecca of the pilgrimage—as peaceful and as quiet as these vales in the slanting rays of this July sun. And this reminder led to the other thought, of another July evening, when, footsore, hot, and dusty, the Fourteenth was nearing Gettysburg to interpose a bulwark of flesh and blood, which should hurl back the tide of devastation that was rolling high and threatening to engulf the Nation in dire disaster. The song, the jest, the laughter ceased. Thoughtful, calm, and wistfully expectant, all watched the mile-posts as they passed, and then, the fruition of the hope of years! The Fourteenth was again at Gettysburg!

Warm words of welcome and hearty cheers were given by comrades of the Seventeenth Connecticut Vols. assembled at the station to receive their sister regiment. By a short march a square was reached, where many of the good people of the town were gathered to receive their alloted guests and to escort them to the several homes provided.

That evening in more than two score homes in Gettysburg, the story of the Fourteenth's years of service was told, and prayerful thanks were extended by the heads of families to their guests of to-day,—their defenders then. But these quiet hearthstones were not alone in doing honor to the visitors. An enthusiastic meeting of the Grand Army Post was held, and the comrades of the visiting regiments were made to feel that they were among friends indeed. At

the hotels and upon the streets, citizens and comrades of the different regiments mingled socially, and warmly grasped hands in memory of the past and in joy for the present. Thus the hours passed until well toward midnight, when the last load of comrades, bound for the Springs Hotel, sang as they bowled along, their cheery:

"We'll roll, we'll roll the chariot along!"

and quiet again reigned in Gettysburg.

Wednesday, July 2d, the hot sun rose in a cloudless sky, and his earliest rays discovered many of the comrades out upon the line, viewing the field and bringing back the fading memories of twenty-one years ago. As early as eight o'clock, every team that could be pressed into service was engaged, and the work of exploration occupied the time of all until night, except for an hour or two near midday, when the comrades were at the unveiling of a splendid monument erected by the 124th Regt. N. Y. Vols.

The crowning glory of this day was the camp fire of blazing logs, commencing at dusk, on the veritable ground upon which the regiment lay during the night of July 2d, 1863. By invitation from the 14th, it was participated in by members of the 17th C. V., 124th N. Y., and other veterans, ladies and citizens. There was an abundance of pipes and tobacco for the old smokers, and plenty of cold ice water to quench the parched tongues.

"Lieut. Col. Moore, President of the Association, presided. The time was spent listening to speeches, the stories of camp life, reminiscences of hardships and struggles, pleasant memories mingled with sorrowful ones. Remarks were made by Chaplain Stevens, Maj. Coit, Maj. Tibbitts, Capt. Davis, of the 14th; by Col. Torrance, Col. Wooster, 20th Conn., Comrade Wm. Haines, 12th N. J., and Comrade Calhoun of 17th Conn. A number of neatly printed army songs, selected especially for this reunion, were distributed among the 'boys,' and the beautiful moonlight night was made vocal with the old army songs of 'America,' 'The Battle Cry of Freedom,' 'Marching Through Georgia,' 'Tenting on the Old Camp Ground,' 'Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching,' 'The Veterans' Auld Lang Syne,' 'Comrades, Touch the Elbow,' 'Hurrah for old New England,' &c. The assembly broke up with three cheers for prominent officers, Gettysburg, &c. All voted it a good time, quite in contrast with the scenes transpiring twenty-one years before."

Thursday, July 3d, opened with the departure of the Seventeenth Regiment at six o'clock, at which early hour many of the Fourteenth boys were astir and out upon the field again, determined that no point of interest be left unexplored.

The culmination of the labor of love was the unveiling of the Monument, the following account of which was written by one of the citizens of Gettysburg:

"The exercises of the 14th Connecticut were held on Thursday afternoon at three o'clock. The monument erected by this organization is located on the right of the Round Top Avenue, at the point where a portion of Pickett's charge culminated on the 3d of July, 1863.

"The members of the organization and their friends formed at the Eagle Hotel at two o'clock P. M., and marshalled by Lieut. Col. Moore, marched to the position of the monument, where a large number of people had already assembled. The veterans were drawn up in line, facing the monument, when the exercises were opened with a very impressive prayer by Comrade J. E. Durand of the 14th. This was followed by the singing of 'America,' all present uniting. Maj. J. C. Broatch, Chairman of the Committee on the Monument, submitted a report that their work had been completed, and the total expenses of construction, erection, &c., amounted to $725, and that sufficient funds were on hand to pay all bills. Lieut. Col. S. A. Moore, President of the Association, then turned over the monument to the care and protection of the Gettysburg Battle-Field Memorial Association. The rays of the sun were beating down so fiercely, that a comrade made the happy suggestion, which met with a unanimous amen, that the further exercises be held in 'Ziegler's Woods,' whither the party proceeded.

"Upon reaching the woods, the 'boys' scattered themselves around in true soldier style, some on the ground, others on boulders, on campstools, in carriages, and, in short, any way to be comfortable. Chaplain H. S. Stevens, the orator of the day, was then introduced by Lieut. Col. Moore. His oration was a graphic, entertaining and interesting history of the regiment, and was enjoyed not only by the veterans, who were vividly reminded of their trials and perils and losses during three years of war, but by the veterans of other regiments and non-combatants present. He stated his object to be to speak to the survivors of the 14th and review its record, of which they were not only proud but jealous.

* * * * * * * *

"It has long been a disputed question who burned the Bliss property, but the facts as stated by Chaplain Stevens should settle it. The proof adduced by him, corroborated by surviving members of the organization who were present at this meeting, and who participated in the scenes of that July morning, admits of no doubt that the 14th are entitled to this honor. The orator's description of Pickett's charge and the

resistance made by our line was very thrilling. The 14th occupied a most dangerous and exposed position, but they resisted every effort of the serried ranks of Pickett's veteran reserves to penetrate their lines. Thrice did they attempt it, filling up their decimated first and second lines, and thrice were they repulsed. Then came the counter-charge, and, amidst the cheers of the victors, the hordes of treason were hurled back to Seminary ridge, the high-water mark of the Rebellion having then and there been reached. During this time the 14th Conn. captured five rebel battle-flags and over two hundred prisoners. The regiment entered the fight with 160 men, and lost during this engagement 62 men killed and wounded and 4 missing,—forty per cent of its fighting force.

"But this was not the end of the war for them. They participated in all the great battles, until Lee laid down his sword at Appomattox. The regiment certainly has a glorious record and one that will be immortal.

"The 'boys' sang 'Rally 'round the Flag,' and David A. Buehler, Esq., Vice-President of the Memorial Association, received the monument on behalf of the Association, taking occasion to compliment the regiment on its brilliant record.

"Col. Bachelder was introduced, but owing to severe throat trouble was unable to make any extended remarks. He sustained the claims of the 14th that they had burned the Bliss property.

"Impromptu remarks, reminiscences of the war, were made by Comrade Wm. Haines, 12th New Jersey, Col. Dwight Morris, and Com. Benjamin Hirst of the 14th. After singing several patriotic songs, the benediction was pronounced by Comrade Durand, and, after smoking the calumet of peace, they returned to town. All present were delighted with the exercises, and felt that it had been not only a pleasant but profitable afternoon."

At the conclusion of the exercises, a member of the Battle-Field Memorial Association (himself an old soldier) remarked that he had attended at all of the ceremonies of a like character that had taken place, and that he had no hesitation in saying that "the Fourteenth's is the best, for *it is all soldier.*"

Another spectator has said in print:

"There was no brass band, no grand gala day display. It was a memorial day honored by the men who did the hardest work in that terrible conflict. They needed no blare of trumpets nor bursts of rhetoric to commemorate deeds indelibly printed in each mind and enrolled on the brightest page of the nation's history. It was the Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers. Boast or pomp could find no place in their celebration. Connecticut can point with pride to every regiment she sent out, but none of them all saw the hardships, suffered the losses and achieved the victories that the Fourteenth did. And none are

more willing to ascribe them their deserts than are their comparatively more fortunate comrades in arms in the other regiments; such is soldier nature."

And still another writer from Gettysburg:

"All here agree with me that the Fourteenth may well feel proud of what they have done here, not only in 1863, but also in 1884. The soldierly bearing and gentlemanly demeanor of the men is freely commented upon throughout the town."

Before leaving the grove, the "boys" had an old-time Fourteenth's love feast; the big pipe was smoked; photographs of the scene were taken, and the exhuberant joy that followed the glorious success of the afternoon of July 3d, 1863, was repeated,—for the Fourteenth was a second time victorious at Gettysburg!

The departure from the historic town was regretfully made at nine o'clock in the evening, by special train, amid the cheers of citizens. Songs were sung and speeches made from the platform until the train was in motion, when the Fourteenth broke out all over! Every song that ever was sung by anybody, and some that no mortal ever heard before, rang through the cars for hours! The brilliant achievement of

"The Duke of Yorkshire with his one thousand men,"

was dilated upon until the mathematical beauty and symmetry of the song was fully understood. Changes in the text of

"Comrades, touch the elbow!"

were noted and feelingly remarked upon by one of the "boys," who would be gray-headed if he wasn't so bald,—and thus the tide ran high, overflowing every bank, and stopping at nothing until Harrisburg and the sleeping-cars were reached, when the hilarious storm abated, and ere long the sturdy snore of many a tired veteran attested to the fact that the old Fourteenth was as quiet as it ever can be.

It would be foolhardy not to cease this record here, for another scratch of the pen might awaken

"The Duke of Yorkshire with his one thousand men!"

LIST OF ENGAGEMENTS

OF THE 14TH C. V.

BATTLES.

Antietam,	September 17, 1862.
Fredericksburg,	December 12, 13, 14, "
Chancellorsville,	May 2 and 3, 1863.
Gettysburg,	July 2, 3, 4, "
Bristoe Station,	October 14, "
Morton's Ford,	February 6, 1864.
Wilderness (Todd's Tavern),	May 5, "
Wilderness,	May 6, "
Laurel Hill,	May 10, "
Spottsylvania,	May 12, "
North Anna River,	May 24, "
Tolopotomy,	May 30, "
Cold Harbor,	June 3, "
Cold Harbor,	June 5, "
Petersburg,	June 17, "
Ream's Station,	August 25, "

SKIRMISHES.

Falling Waters,	July 14, 1863.
Auburn,	October 14, "
Blackburn's Ford,	October 15, "
Mine Run,	November 30, "
Spottsylvania,	May 13, 1864.
Spottsylvania,	May 14, "
Spottsylvania,	May 18, "
Milford Station,	May 22, "
North Anna River,	May 26, "
Petersburg,	June 16, "
Deep Bottom,	August 15, "
Deep Bottom,	August 16, "
Hatcher's Run (Boydton Plank Road),	October 27, "
Hatcher's Run,	February 5, 1865.
Hatcher's Run,	March 29, "
High Bridge, Farmville, Surrender of Lee's Army,	March 30, " to April 10, "

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